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Charlotte County Rhymes

The Tory crowd were in a plight,
Their courage almost gone,
What can we do to win the fight?
Said organizer John.

We can't trot out "No truck nor trade"
As in the last election,
We're bound to give the Yankees aid
And ask for their affection.

Conscription was a great mistake,
It threatened to o'erwhelm,
A Union Party we will fake,
Said Robert at the helm.

But first we'll pass a Franchise Act
And cut the Grit vote down,
We'll try and get the votes we lack
By putting them in gown.

We'll make the Senate serve us sure
By filling in our crew,
All offices that would allure
We'll fill with Tories true.

So Borden still is on the throne
With Carvell trailing after,
But Carvell's friends won't carry on;
They turn on him with laughter.

Our plight is bad, then Arthur said,
Who seeks to be the master;
The more we try the Grits to head,
The more they gain the faster.

I'll tell you what we'll do, said Irv.
We'll hoodwink all the preachers;
They'll think they're right and sing the song
In politics as teachers.

They haven't worldly common sense,
They're easy marks, I venture,
We'll make them think they ought to serve
The worldly men to censure.

Two of them are Tories strong
And they can be the leaders;
They'll think they're right and sing the song
And for us will be pleaders.

So four of them we now have caught
Who loyal and right hearty
Have with us here cast in their lot
Hard working for the party.

Excuse us if we laugh quite hard,
But do not let them know it,
Their Gospel work they may retard
But you just let them go it.

Their manifesto's quite a joke,
But they don't seem to see it,
The Liberal party gets a poke
And all must say "so be it."

"To win the war," 'tis thus they strive,
"Both parties must unite,"
"Therefore vote with us and drive
The Liberals out of sight."

The Baptist man leads in the race
With High Church close behind,
Then Presbyterian shows his face
With Methodist aligned.

The Devil now may have a rest
With Heav'n and Hell ignored;
In politics they do their best
And will not sheath the sword.

They're traitors, every mother's son
Who don't with them agree,
Pro-Germans, sinners every one
Who as they do, don't see.

The wicked world looks on and smiles,
In fact is in full grin,
To see the politicians' wiles
So take the preachers in.

And should their work be all in vain,
How awful the disaster,
They'd leave us for the State of Maine—
The quicker they go, the faster.

Elect. 7 Dec. 1917

Charlotte County Rhinoceros

That the above named person was duly elected to the office of Sheriff of Charlotte County, Virginia, at the general election held on the 7th day of December, 1917.

Witness my hand and the seal of the County at the Court House in Charlotte, Virginia, this 10th day of December, 1917.

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